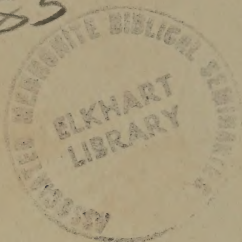


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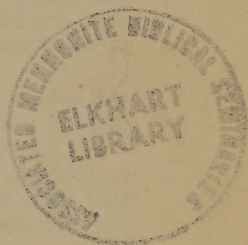


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HOSPITAL HYMN BOOK



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FOREWORD

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Scripture passages and prayers are chosen and devised for general and personal use, even in the unusual conditions of hospital life.

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Our prayer is that this hymnal may take into our hospitals the consolation, guidance and courage of the Christian faith and that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon it.

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CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	3
Acknowledgments	4
Words of Comfort	6
Hymns (General)	7
Hymns (for special occasions)	38
Welsh Hymns	56
General Prayers	58
Special Prayers	59
Benedictions	62
Scripture Passages	63
Index	67

WORDS OF COMFORT

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

HYMNS (General)

1

C.M.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name;

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,

And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

*Edward Perronet, 1726-92;
John Rippon [v. 6], 1751-1836.*

2

7.7.7.7.

1 **C**HRIST, of all my hopes the ground,

Christ, the spring of all my joy,

Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame,
Keep Thy fear before my sight,
Be Thy praise my highest aim,
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wintry tempests blow,
Let Thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

4 When new triumphs of Thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,
May I feel a kindred flame,
Full of zeal, and full of love.

5 Life's best joy, to see Thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scattering all the shades of night.

6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

7 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart con-
found;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's
ground.

8 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me find it gain to die.
Amen.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1779-1853.

3

C.M.

1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen
are,

Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army
strong,

One steadfast high intent,

One working band, one harvest
song,

One King Omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come
down

From man's primeval youth!

How grandly hath thine empire
grown

Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watch-fires
through the night

With never-fainting ray!

How rise thy towers, serene and
bright

To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;

Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson, 1822-82.

4

8.6.8.8.6.

1 DEAR Lord and Father of man-
kind,

Forgive our foolish ways;

Reclothe us in our rightful mind;

In purer lives Thy service find,

In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who
heard,

Beside the Syrian sea,

The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!

O calm of hills above,

Where Jesus knelt to share with
Thee

The silence of eternity,

Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that
drown

The tender whisper of Thy call,

As noiseless let Thy blessing fall

As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;

Take from our souls the strain
and stress,

And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our
desire

Thy coolness and Thy balm:

Let sense be dumb, let flesh
retire;

Speak through the earthquake,
wind, and fire,

O still small voice of calm!

Amen.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-92.

5

8.8.8.8.8.8.

1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the
restless wave,

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean
deep

Its own appointed limits keep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee

For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive
heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming
deep,
And calm amid its rage didst
sleep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult
cease,
And gavest light, and life, and
peace:

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's
hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and
foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from
land and sea.

William Whiting, 1825-78.

6
1 FIGHT the good fight with all
thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ
thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through
God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His
face,
Life with its path before thee
lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the
prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy
Guide,
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall
prove,
Christ is thy life, and Christ thy
love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arm is
near;
He changeth not, and thou art
dear,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

7

C.M.

1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord my
God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may
proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

3 Praise in the common things of
life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each
deed,
However small and mean.

4 Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me,
e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

8

D.S.M.

1 **F**OR ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that
word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall
stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from
death
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne:
For ever with the Lord!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

9

D.C.M.

1 **F**ROM Thee all skill and science
flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and
hope:
O pour them from above;
And part them, Lord, to each and
all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

2 And hasten, Lord, that perfect
day
When pain and death shall
cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the
earth
With health, and light, and
peace;
When ever blue the sky shall
gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no
more
The paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1819-75.

10

7.7.7.7.

1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart:
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

* * * *

5 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

6 Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please:
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou
art;

Live Thyself within my heart.

8 I shall then show forth Thy
praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

11

8.7.8.7.D.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are
spoken,

Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own
abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure
repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy
foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and
daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to
assuage?

Grace which, like the Lord, the
Giver,

Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and
show;

Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

12

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 GOD bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting
hand

Still guard our shore:
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness:
Long may she reign:
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

4 Nor on this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.
William Edward Hickson, 1803-70.

13 C.M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright
designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage
take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall
break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble
sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

14 8.7.8.7.4.7.
Arghwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great
Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren
land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful
hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream
shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey
through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and
shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's
destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's
side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

*William Williams, 1717-91;
tr. by Peter Williams, 1722-96.*

15 7.6.7.6.D.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and
dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

11.10.11.10. and refrain.

16
1 **H**ARK! hark, my soul! Angelic
songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessèd
strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall
be no more!

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims
of the night!*

2 Onward we go; for still we hear
them singing:
Come, weary souls, for Jesus
bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads
us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at even-
ing pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er
land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands
meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their
weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life
be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and dark-
some night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes
to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true
home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful
watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the
songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the
night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break
in cloudless love.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

17

11.12.12.10.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song
shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy; all the saints
adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling
down before Thee,

Who wert, and art, and evermore
shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy; though the
darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy; there is none
beside Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and
purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy
name in earth and sky and
sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and
mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed
Trinity! Amen.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

18

C.M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus
sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,

And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit
whole,

And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I
build,

My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled

With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother,
Friend,

My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my

End,

Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love
proclaim

With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name

Refresh my soul in death.

Amen.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

19

8.5.8.3.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;

Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;

For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;

Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79.

20

11.11.11.11.

1 IMMORTAL, invisible, God only
wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our
eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great
name we praise.

2 Unresting, unchanging, and silent
as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou
rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high
soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains
of goodness and love.

3 To all life Thou givest—to both
great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true
life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves
on the tree,
And wither and perish—but
nought changeth Thee.

4 Great Father of Glory, pure
Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all
veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help
us to see:
'Tis only the splendour of light
hideth Thee.

5 Immortal, invisible, God only
wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our
eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great
name we praise. Amen.

Walter Chalmers Smith, 1824-1908.

21

C.M.

1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea:

2 Our outward lips confess the
Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it
came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly
steeps
To bring the Lord Christ
down:
In vain we search the lowest
deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

- 5 For warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
- 6 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng
 and press,
 And we are whole again.

7 Through Him the first fond
 prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

- 8 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy
 call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-92.

22

C.M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my
 Lord,
 Or to defend His cause,
 Maintain the honour of His word,
 The glory of His Cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise
 stands,
 And He can well secure
 What I've committed to His
 hands
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless
 name
 Before His Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

23

6.4.6.4. and refrain.

- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.
*I need Thee, O I need Thee,
 Every hour I need Thee;
 O bless me now, my Saviour,
 I come to Thee.*

2 I need Thee every hour;
 Stay Thou near by:
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
 In joy or pain;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
 Teach me Thy will,
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfil.

Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1835-1918

24

7.6.7.6.D.

- 1 I N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack:
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have
been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna Laetitia Waring, 1820-1910.

25

Irregular.

1 I THINK, when I read that
sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among
men,

How He called little children as
lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with
them then;

I wish that His hands had been
placed on my head,
That His arms had been
thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His
kind look when He said:

Let the little ones come unto
Me!

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer
I may go,
And ask for a share in His
love;

And if I now earnestly seek Him
below,

I shall see Him and hear Him
above,

In that beautiful place He is
gone to prepare

For all who are washed and
forgiven;

And many dear children are
gathering there,

For of such is the kingdom of
heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands
who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly
home;

I should like them to know there
is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to
come.

I long for the joy of that glorious
time,

The sweetest and brightest and
best,

When the dear little children of
every clime

Shall crowd to His arms and be
blessed.

Jemima Luke, 1813-1906.

26

C.M.

1 I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine
aid;

My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath
made.

2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor
will

He slumber that thee keeps:
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord
thy shade

On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not
smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; He
shall

Preserve thee from all ill:
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will. Amen.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

1 I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!

He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,

And thus He bound me to Him;

And round my heart still closely twine

Those ties which nought can sever;

For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.

Nought that I have mine own I call,

I hold it for the Giver;

My heart, my strength, my life,
my all

Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course

And bring me safe to heaven.

Eternal glories gleam afar,

To nerve my faint endeavour;

So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,

So kind, and true, and tender!

So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!

From Him who loves me now so well

What power my soul shall sever?

Shall life or death? shall earth or hell?

No! I am His for ever.

James Grindlay Small, 1817-88.

1 JESUS calls us! O'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice
soundeth,

Saying: Christian, follow Me—

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and
kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden
store,
From each idol that would keep
us,
Saying: Christian, love Me
more!

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and
pleasures,
That we love Him more than
these.

5 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedi-
ence,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823-95.

- 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on
 Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find.
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the
 blind:
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and
 grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is
 found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure
 within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee,
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the
 sun
 Doth his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no
 more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be
 made,
 And praises throng to crown His
 head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall
 rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every
 tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest
 song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their young hosannas to His
 name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He
 reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his
 chains;
 The weary find eternal rest;
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing
 power,
 Death and the curse are known
 no more;
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father
 lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
 Its grateful honours to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth prolong the joyful
 strain. Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

31

8.8.8.6.

1 JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who
lovest me,

To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my
might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong and
free
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and
Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

Marianne Farningham, 1834-1909.

32

8.8.8.6.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed
for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come
to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a
doubt,
Fightings and fears within, with-
out,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched,
blind;

Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,
relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine
alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and
height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

33

8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead
us
O'er the world's tempestuous
sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed
us,

For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er
us;

All our weakness Thou dost
know;

Thou didst tread this earth before
us,

Thou didst feel its keenest
woe;

Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst
go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly
joy,

Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

34 L.M.

1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun
and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how
near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening
ray
Sheds on our path the glow of
day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened
light
Cheers the long watches of the
night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile with-
drawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious
dawn,
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's
sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are
Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose
warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us
free,
And kindling hearts that burn for
Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly
flame. Amen.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-94.

35

6.6.6.6.

1 LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth:
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

36

C.M.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we
pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too: how should we
love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every
foe;
With peace our borders bless:
With prosperous times our cities
crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and
Thee;
And let our hills and valleys
shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend. Amen.

John Reynell Wreford, 1800-81.

37

8.7.8.7.D.

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come
down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies
crown:
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou
art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without
ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our
place,
Till we cast our crowns before
Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

38

C.M.

1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou
art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal
years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless
power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling
hope
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask
of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast
done
With me, Thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to
lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

39

Irregular.

1 MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast
made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have
failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly
life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

3 Glory to Thee for strength with-
held,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to
Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make
it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

Thou art my portion! saith my
soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

Anna Laetitia Waring, 1820-1910.

40

7.6.7.6.D.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing: Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of
earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
Amen.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85

41

C.M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing

My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth
abroad

The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts
rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

42

C.M.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand

Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrim-
age

Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now
present

Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of
life

Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings
around,

Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious
hand

Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen
God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

43

From *Psalm xc.*

C.M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the
flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles
last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

44

7.6.7.6.D.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To chasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.
Amen.

John Ernest Bode, 1816-74.

45

C.M.

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the
heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire:

4 Jesus, may all confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking Thee, themselves
inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever
bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

6 Abide with us, and let Thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

7 Jesus, our Love and Joy, to Thee,
The Father's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory
be,
While endless ages run.
Amen.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153;
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814-78.*

6 O Love of God, our shield and
stay
Through all the perils of our
way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

46

L.M.

1 O LOVE of God, how strong and
true;
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all
thought!

2 O heavenly Love, how precious
still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.

3 O wide-embracing, wondrous
Love;
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams
that flow.

4 We read thee best in Him who
came
To bear for us the Cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 We read thy power to bless and
save
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light
We read the fullness of thy
might.

47

8.8.8.8.6.

1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its
flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to
Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed
ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its
day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through
pain,
I cannot close my heart to
Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the
rain
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from
Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1842-1906.

1 O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear
 Master

Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth,
 O'er all the earth to shine;
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are
 stored;

It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That, o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-
 sands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear
 Saviour,

A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, 1823-97.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
 All glorious above;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and His love:
 Our shield and defender,
 The ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty! Thy power
 Hath founded of old,
 Hath stablished it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies how tender,
 How firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Amen.

Robert Grant, 1779-1838

4 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before
Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of
grace.

Amen.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

50

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of
heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, for-
given,
Who like thee His praise
should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and
favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for
ever,
Slow to chide and swift to
bless:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares
us;
Well our feeble frame He
knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

51

8.7.8.7.

1 PRAISE the Lord! Ye heavens,
adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the
height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before
Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and
light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath
spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice
obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath
made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is
glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints vic-
torious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power pro-
claim;
Heaven and earth, and all
creation,
Laud and magnify His name.
Amen.

*Anonymous,
Foundling Hospital Collection, 1796.*

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the
height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and
blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the
foe,
Should strive and should
prevail.

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who
smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo.

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and
inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the
height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways.

John Henry Newman, 1801-90.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and
grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'er-
throws,
Shakes the trembling gates of
hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath
wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from
nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

54

C.M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd
stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how He calls the tender
lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 Permit them to approach, He
cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as
these
The Lord of Angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are
Thine,
Thine let our children be.

Amen.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

55

7.6.7.6.D.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should
wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

56

8.7.8.7.

1 SOULS of men, why will ye
scatter
Like a crowd of frightened
sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye
wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His
feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's
mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been
shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's
mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

7 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His
word,
And our lives would be all sun-
shine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

57

7.6.7.6.D. and refrain.

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak, and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.
*Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.*

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story—
Christ Jesus makes thee whole!

Katherine Hankey, 1834-1911.

58

7.6.7.6.D.

1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought
her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought
her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keep-
ing,
Their cry goes up: How long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900.

3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes;
The penitent upon the tree
Was borne to Paradise.
In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesus, grace!

4 The faithful few retire in fear,
To their closed upper room;
But, suddenly, with joyful cheer
They see their Master come.
Lord, come to us, unloose our
bands,
And bid our terrors cease;
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,
Speak, holy Jesus, peace!
Amen.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

59

D.C.M.

1 THE Galilean fishers toil
All night and nothing take;
But Jesus comes—a wondrous
spoil
Is lifted from the lake.
Lord, when our labours are in
vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and
pain,
Come, blessèd Jesus, then!

2 The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild winds roar;
But Jesus comes; and all is still—
The ship is at the shore.
O Lord, when storms around us
howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessèd Jesus, hear!

60

C.M.

1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou
art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the
cloud
That veiled Thee from our
eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our
minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here
below,
Our treasure be in heaven:

5 That where Thou art at God's
right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be.
Dwell Thou in us, that we may
dwell
For evermore in Thee. Amen.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823-95.

61

C.M.

1 THE head that once was crowned
with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven
affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of
lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its
shame,
With all its grace, is given,
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord
below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and
health,
Though shame and death to
Him;
His people's hope, His people's
wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1854.

62

8.7.8.7.

1 THE King of love my Shepherd
is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water
flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures
grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought
me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside
me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort
still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my
sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice
floweth!

6 And so through all the length of
days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy
praise
Within Thy house for ever!
Amen.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

63

C.M.

1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll
not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteous-
ness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's
dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy
rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil
anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

*William Whittingham, 1524-79;
Francis Rous, 1579-1659.*

64

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

1 THERE'S a Friend for little
children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing
years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary
Though sung continually,
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

4 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane, 1825-1909.

65

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the water's face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light! Amen.

John Marriott, 1780-1825.

66

C.M.

1 **T**HROUGH all the changing
scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will
then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your
delight,
He'll make your wants His
care.

*Nahum Tate, 1652-1715;
Nicholas Brady, 1639-1726.*

67

6.6.6.6.

1 **T**HY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set! Amen.

Lewis Hensley, 1824-1905.

1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in
Jesus,

All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake
thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven, 1820-86.

1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my
God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm
lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts
flowed.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils,
and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares
of vice,
More to be feared than they.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious
gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a thankful heart,
That takes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous
Cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my
pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should
boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God:
All the vain things that charm
me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands,
His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled
down:

Did e'er such love and sorrow
meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a
crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were an offering far too
small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my
all.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

71

6.6.6.D.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find—
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast—
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Be this, when day is past,
Of all my thoughts the last,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 To God, the Word, on high
The hosts of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height, reply:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Amen.

Anonymous;

tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814-78.

72

6.5. (twelve lines).

1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood.
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe;
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band,
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.
 Amen.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79.

73

Irregular and refrain.

1 **W**ILL your anchor hold in the
 storms of life,
 When the clouds unfold their
 wings of strife?
 When the strong tides lift, and
 the cables strain,
 Will your anchor drift, or firm
 remain?
*We have an anchor that keeps the
 soul
 Steadfast and sure while the billows
 roll;
 Fastened to the Rock which cannot
 move,
 Grounded firm and deep in the
 Saviour's love!*

2 Will your anchor hold in the
 straits of fear?
 When the breakers roar and the
 reef is near;
 While the surges rave, and the
 wild winds blow,
 Shall the angry waves then your
 bark o'erflow?
 3 Will your anchor hold in the
 floods of death,
 When the waters cold chill your
 latest breath?
 On the rising tide you can never
 fail,
 While your anchor holds within
 the veil.
 4 Will your eyes behold through the
 morning light
 The city of gold and the harbour
 bright?
 Will you anchor safe by the
 heavenly shore,
 When life's storms are past for
 evermore?

Priscilla Jane Owens, 1829-99.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Christmas

74

7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 **A**S with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold,
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.
 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Thee, whom heaven and earth
 adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly
King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are
past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not
down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837-98.

75

11.11.11.11.

1 **A**WAY in a manger, no crib for
a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down
His sweet head,
The stars in the bright sky looked
down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on
the hay.

2 The cattle were lowing, the Baby
awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He
makes,
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look
down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morn-
ing is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask
Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love
me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy
tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with
Thee there.

Anonymous.

76

C.M.

1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the
Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him
burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to
bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His
grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of
Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

77

7.7.7.7.D. and refrain.

1 **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

*Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to
dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of
Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

78

D.C.M.

1 IT came upon the midnight
clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the
earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to
men,
From heaven's all-gracious
King!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies
they come

With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music
floats

O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and
strife

The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have
rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears
not

The love song which they
bring:

O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing
load

Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow—
Look now! for glad and golden
hours

Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold.
When peace shall over all the
earth

Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back
the song

Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76.

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him
 Born the King of angels:
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ
 the Lord.

2 True God of true God,
 Light of Light eternal,
 Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's
 womb,
 Son of the Father,
 Begotten, not created:
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ
 the Lord.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven
 above,
 Glory to God
 In the highest:
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ
 the Lord.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning;
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing:
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ
 the Lord.

*Anonymous, 17th or 18th cent.;
 tr. by Frederick Oakeley, 1802-80.*

1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
 How still we see thee lie!
 Above thy deep and dreamless
 sleep
 The silent stars go by:

Yet in thy dark street shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the
 years
 Are met in thee to-night.

2 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth,
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth;
 For Christ is born of Mary;
 And, gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels
 keep
 Their watch of wondering
 love.

3 How silently, how silently
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming;
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive
 Him, still
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Immanuel. Amen.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-93.

1 STILL the night, holy the night!
 Sleeps the world; hid from
 sight,
 Mary and Joseph in stable bare
 Watch o'er the Child beloved and
 fair,
 Sleeping in heavenly rest.

2 Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long,
Far and near, the angel-song,
Christ the Redeemer is here!

3 Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from Thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of
grace,
Saviour, since Thou art born!

*Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848;
tr. by Stopford Augustus Brooke, 1832-1916.*

82

P.M.

1 THE first Nowell the angel did
say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping
their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was
so deep.
*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.*

2 They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them
far,
And to the earth it gave great
light,
And so it continued both day and
night.

3 And by the light of that same
star,
Three wise men came from
country far;
To seek for a King was their
intent,
And to follow the star wherever
it went.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-
west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and
stay,
Right over the place where Jesus
lay.

5 Then entered in those wise men
three
Full reverently on bended knee,
And offered there, in His
presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and
frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly
Lord,
That hath made heaven and
earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind
hath bought.

Traditional.

83

C.M.

1 WHILE shepherds watched
their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came
down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not! said he; for mighty
dread
Had seized their troubled
mind:
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the
Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly Babe you there
shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling
bands
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and
forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from
heaven to men
Begin and never cease! Amen.
Nahum Tate, 1652-1715.

84 6.5.6.5.

1 WISE men, seeking Jesus,
Travelled from afar,
Guided on their journey
By a beauteous star.

2 But if we desire Him,
He is close at hand;
For our native country
Is our Holy Land.

3 Prayerful souls may find Him
By our quiet lakes,
Meet Him on our hillsides
When the morning breaks.

4 In our fertile cornfields
While the sheaves are bound,
In our busy markets,
Jesus may be found.

5 Fishermen talk with Him
By the great North Sea,
As the first disciples
Did in Galilee.

6 Every peaceful village
In our land might be
Made by Jesu's presence
Like sweet Bethany.

7 He is more than near us,
If we love Him well;
For He seeketh ever
In our hearts to dwell.

James Thomas East, 1860-

Good Friday

85

8.7.8.7.

1 IN the Cross of Christ I glory:
Towering o'er the wrecks of
time,

All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake
me,

Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the Cross the radiance
streaming

Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and
pleasure,

By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no
measure,

Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory:
Towering o'er the wrecks of
time,

All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1792-1872.

86

7.7.7.8.

1 MAN of Sorrows! What a name
For the Son of God, who
came

Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die.
It is finished! was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious
King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Philipp Bliss, 1838-76.

87 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

88 7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which
flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and
power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-
throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Amen.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823-95.

Easter

7.7.7.7. and Hallelujahs.

1 **C**HRISt the Lord is risen to-day;
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say:

Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs
high:

Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth,
reply:

Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Vain the stone, the watch, the
seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of
hell:

3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting
grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath
led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the
skies:

5 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to
prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love:

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

1 **J**ESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal
us;

Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not
enthral us.

Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is
given;

We may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in
heaven.

Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Hence may we, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall
sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of
hell,
Part us now from Christ for
ever.

Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling
breath
When we pass its gloomy
portal.

Hallelujah!

*Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715-69;
tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812-97.*

92

7.6.7.6.D.

1 **T**HE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own All hail! and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
The round world keep high
triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen,
Their notes of gladness blend:
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

*John of Damascus, 8th cent.;
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818-66.*

93

C.M.

1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the
Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to
see
The place where Jesus lay.
2 Thus low the Lord of Life was
brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom
lay,
Which throbbed and bled for
you.

3 But raise your eyes and tune your
songs;
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of
death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands He
rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years
He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

Whitsun

94

C.M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts
inspire,

Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by
Thee

The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then
shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints
below,
The depths of love divine.
Amen.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

95

8.7.8.7.D.

1 COME, Thou Fount of every
blessing,

Tune my heart to sing Thy
grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious
measure

Sung by flaming tongues
above;

O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;

Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of
God;

He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor

Daily I'm constrained to be!

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to
Thee:

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above!
Amen.

Robert Robinson, 1735-90.

96

L.M.

1 O BREATH of God, breathe on
us now,

And move within us while we
pray;

The spring of our new life art
Thou,

The very light of our new day.

2 O strangely art Thou with us,
Lord,

Neither in height nor depth to
seek:

In nearness shall Thy voice be
heard;

Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

3 Christ is our Advocate on high;
Thou art our Advocate within:

O plead the truth, and make reply
To every argument of sin.

4 But ah, this faithless heart of mine!

The way I know; I know my guide:

Forgive me, O my Friend divine,
That I so often turn aside.

5 Be with me when no other friend
The mystery of my heart can share;

And be Thou known, when fears transcend,

By Thy best name of Comforter.

Amen.

Alfred Henry Vine, 1845-1917.

97

L.M.

1 O THOU who camest from above

The pure celestial fire to impart,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;

And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;

Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,

Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88.

98

8.6.8.4.

1 O UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

His tender last farewell,

A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,

The holy balm of peace and love
On each to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame,

To teach, convince, subdue;

All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

4 He comes sweet influence to impart,

A gracious, willing guest,

While He can find one humble heart

Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,

That checks each fault, that calms each fear,

And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,

And every conquest won,

And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

7 Spirit of purity and grace,

Our weakness, pitying, see;

O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,

And worthier Thee. Amen.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our
prayers

And make this house Thy
home;

Descend with all Thy gracious
powers;

O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our
hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly
bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove, and spread
Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth
become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing
sound
And pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious
powers;
O come, great Spirit, come.

Amen.

Andrew Reed, 1787-1862.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest
home:

All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may
be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final harvest home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels,
come,

Raise the glorious harvest-home!
Amen.

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth
and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to
Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love
declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art
there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful
days,
For all the blessings earth dis-
plays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and
praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only
Son,
But gav'st Him for a world un-
done,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed
dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces
shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins for-
given,
For means of grace and hopes of
heaven,
Father, all praise to Thee be
given,
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

1 **WE** plough the fields, and
scatter

The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered

By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
Amen.

*Matthias Claudius, 1740-1815;
tr. by Jane Montgomery Campbell, 1817-78.*

Evening

1 **A**BIDE with me; fast falls the
eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
me abide!

When other helpers fail, and
comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with
me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's
little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around I
see:
O Thou who changest not, abide
with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing
hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and
stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O
abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand
to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where,
grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my
closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and
point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide
with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

104

L.M.

1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee
lay;

O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went
away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills,
draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou
art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some
are sad,
And some have never loved Thee
well,
And some have lost the love
they had.

4 And some have found the world is
vain,
Yet from the world they break
not free;
And some have friends who give
them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in
Thee.

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect
rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve
Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong
within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art
Man;
Thou has been troubled,
tempted, tried;

Thy kind but searching glance
can scan
The very wounds that shame
would hide.

- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient
power;
No word from Thee can fruit-
less fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.
Amen.

Henry Twells, 1823-1900.

105

L.M.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this
night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of
kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty
wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear
Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may
dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous
make
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts
supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 6 O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my
hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's
voice.

- 7 All praise to Thee in light
arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place
hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright
beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead
streams.

- 8 Praise God, from whom all bless-
ings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here
below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly
host:
Praise Father, Son and Holy
Ghost.
Amen.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

106

7.7.7.7.

- 1 **G**OD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm
to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.
- 2 God the Saviour be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Turn our darkness into light.

4 Holy Trinity, be nigh;
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die;
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!
Amen.

George Rawson, 1807-89.

107

8.5.8.3.

1 HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far
distant,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weak-
ness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and
comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they
praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may
conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save
them, keep them
Near to Thee. Amen.

Isabel Stephana Stevenson, 1843-90.

108

6.5.6.5.

1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars their watches keep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May their eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924.

1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest:
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1826-93.

Holy Communion

111

C.M.

1 **B**E known to us in breaking
bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and
spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly
wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

112

10.10.10.10.

1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee
face to face;
Here would I touch and handle
things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the
eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon
Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread
of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal
wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each
earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of
sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and
of song;
This is the heavenly table
spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting,
still prolong
The brief, bright hour of
fellowship with Thee.

4 I have no help but Thine; nor do
I need
Another arm save Thine to
lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough in-
deed;
My strength is in Thy might,
Thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the
righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the
cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and
my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness,
O Lord, my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and
passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad
feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the
festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast
of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

113

L.M.

1 **J**ESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou
Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth
imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever
stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee
call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art
good,
To them that find Thee all
in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living
Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee
still;
We drink of Thee, the fountain-
head,
And thirst our souls from Thee
to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for
Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is
cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we
see,
Blest when our faith can hold
Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm
and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy
light. Amen.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153.

Welsh Hymns

114

1 **F**^{Salm 23.}Y Mugail yw yr Arglwydd Iôr,
Efe a'm harwain i
Gerllaw y dyfroedd tawel iawn
I orffwys ger eu lli.

2 Fy enaid eto'n holliach wna
A rhodiaf wrth Ei lef
Ynganol llwybrau'r cyfiawn rai,
Er mwyn Ei Enw Ef.

3 Pe rhodiwn gysgod angau du
Nid ofnaf boen na chlwy,
Can's gyda mi Dy gymorth ddaw,
A'th ffion yn gysur mwy.

4 Arlwyaiast Di fy mord yn hardd
Gerbron gelynion lu,
Iraist fy mhen ag olew drud
A'm ffilol, llawn yn hi.

5 Daioni a thrugaredd mwy
A'm dilyn ar fy nhaith,
A thrigo wnaf yn nhŷ fy Nuw,
Hyd dragwyddoldeb maith.
D. Hubert Thomas.

115

1 **G**WAED y Groes sy'n codi fyny
'R eiddil yn goncwerwr mawr;
Gwaed y Groes sydd yn
darostwng
Cewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr:
Gad im' deimlo
Awel o Galfaria fryn.

2 Ymddiriedaf yn Dy allu,
Mawr yw'r gwaith a wnest
erioed:
Ti gest angau, Ti gest uffern,
Ti gëst Satan dan Dy droed:
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnnw byth o'm cof.
W. Williams.

116

1 **N**ID wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân;
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân.
*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos;
Dim ond calon lân all ganu -
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

2 Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Edyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

3 Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheid-
wad,
Roddi i mi galon lân.

Gwryosydd.

117

1 **T**I fu gynt yn gwella'r cleifion,
Feddyg Da,
Dan eu pla
Trugarha wrth ddynion.

2 Cofia deulu poen, O Iesu!
Ymhob loes
Golau'r Groes
Arnynt fo'n tywynnu

3 Llaw a deall dyn perffeithia,
Er iachâd
A rhyddhad,
Nefol Dad, i dyrfa.

4 Rho Dy nodded, rho Dy gwmni,
Nos a dydd,
I'r rhai sydd
Ar y gwan yn gweini.

5 Dwg yn nes, drwy ing a phryder,
Deulu poen,
Addfwyn Oen,
I Dy fynwes dyner

H. Elfet Lewis.

118

1 **W**ELE'N sefyll rhwng y myrt-
wydd
Wrthrych teilwng o fy mryd;
Er o'r braidd yr wy'n adnabod
Ei fod uwch gwrthrychau'r
byd:
Henffych fore,
Caf Ei weled heb un llên

2 Rhosyn Saron yw Ei enw,
Gwyn a gwridog, hardd Ei
bryd;
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori
O wrthrychau penna'r byd:
Ffrind pechadur,
Dyma'r Llywydd ar y môr!

3 Beth sydd i mi mwy a wnelwyf
Ag eilunod gwael y llawr?
Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni
I'w gymharu â'm Iesu mawr:
O, am aros
Yn Ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes!

Ann Griffiths.

119

1 **Y** MAE Un, uwchlaw pawb eraill
Drwy'r greadigaeth fawr i
gyd,
Sydd yn haeddu Ei alw'n Gyfaill,
Ac a bery'r un o hyd:
Brawd a anwyd i ni yw
Erbyn c'ledi o bob rhyw.

2 Ni all meithder ffordd, nac amser
Oeri dim o'i gariad Ef;
Mae Ei fynwes fyth yn dyner
A'i gymdeithas fyth yn gref;
Ni all dyfroedd angau llym
Ddiffodd ei angêrdol rym.

3 Pan fo pawb yn cefnu arnom
Yn y dyffryn tywyll du;
Pan fo pob daearol undeb
Yn ymddatod o bob tu;
Saif E'n ffyddlon y pryd hyn,
Ac fe'n dwg yn iach drwy'r
glyn.

4 A phan ymddangoso eilwaith
Yng ngogoniant pur Ei Dad,
Gyda'i holl angylion sanctaidd,
Mewn anrhydedd a mawrhad,
Fe geir gweld mai'r un fydd Ef
Er mynd heibio'r byd a'r nef.

*John Newton
(efel. Glan Geirionydd)*

GENERAL PRAYERS

Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid: Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name, through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

GENERAL THANKSGIVING

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we Thine unworthy servants do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. **Amen.**

GENERAL CONFESSION

Almighty and Most Merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us. Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore Thou them that are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy holy Name. **Amen.**

FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN

O God, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially, we pray for the good estate of the catholic Church; that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good Spirit,

that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ His sake. **Amen.**

SPECIAL PRAYERS

Morning.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day: Defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do always that which is righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O Almighty God, who has made us all one in Thee, we pray Thy blessing upon all who suffer pain or are in any kind of distress. Relieve them and, if it may be, restore them to health. Help us, who suffer with them, so to endure that they may be helped, and seeing Thy grace sufficient for us, may be led to trust Thee who art our everlasting strength, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O Lord Jesus, who dost dispense Thy healing grace through the service of doctors and nurses and all who tend the sick, grant to these Thy servants skill and patience, sympathy, and understanding. Give to us who are suffering, high courage to endure and quiet confidence to commit ourselves to Thy care. Thou art planning for us in love. Help us each to help the other, that Thy will may be done through us. **Amen.**

All-compassionate Father, we pray that Thy benediction may rest on all the healing ministries of our hospitals and on those who serve in them. Reveal Thyself to the sufferers through the care and skill of physicians, surgeons and nurses, that whatsoever is undertaken for their good may be reinforced by a living trust in Thee. And grant, O God, that all who are benefited and restored to health, as a result of the treatment they receive, may live to acknowledge and serve Thee with thankful hearts, through the same Jesus who alone maketh whole. **Amen.**

O God, our loving Father, do not permit our trials to be above our strength, and do Thou vouchsafe to be our strength and comfort in every time of trial. May we learn the mystery of the road of suffering which Christ has trodden and the saints have followed, and bring Thee this gift that angels cannot bring, a heart that trusts Thee even in the dark. This we ask in the Name of Him who Himself took our infirmities upon Him, even the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, to whom all the sick were brought that they might be healed, and Who didst send none of them away without Thy blessing; look in pity upon all who come to Thee for healing in body, mind and soul. Grant unto them now and evermore Thy restoring grace and that inward peace which Thou alone canst give. For Thy mercy's sake. **Amen.**

We pray for those who care for the sick and infirm in their own homes. Grant them strength, patience and cheerfulness; sustain them with a sense of duty and with the conviction that they who serve the least of Christ's brethren do it also unto Him. **Amen.**

For the Blind, the Deaf and the Dumb.

Almighty Father, whose Blessed Son, Jesus Christ, went about doing good, opening the eyes of the blind, loosing the tongues of the dumb, and unstopping the ears of the deaf, we bring to Thee all those who are likewise afflicted. Let Thy voice be heard in the hearts of those who cannot hear, let the beauty of Thy presence be visible to the souls of those who cannot see, let Thy word be spoken through the lives of those who cannot speak, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

At the Bedside.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who art a very present help in trouble, look in love and compassion on Thy servant in his (her) sickness and distress: and do Thou so bless the means used for his (her) recovery that, if it be Thy holy will, he (she) may be restored to health in body and soul, and be able to take up the work which Thou has given him (her) to do. Bestow upon him (her) the grace of true repentance and remission of all his (her) sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord: And grant that both in sickness and in health, in life, and in death, we may be comforted by the knowledge of the fellowship of Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us. And this we ask in His Holy name. **Amen.**

O loving Father, grant to me in this time of bodily weakness a renewing of my spirit, that I may be brave and hopeful. Increase my faith, and be near to me through all adversity, that by Thy love sustained, I may bear all pain with courage, and by Thy grace be able to help others to endure and to overcome, through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

For our loved ones.

Bless, we beseech Thee, O Lord, those from whom we are now separated. Grant that they may be kept from all that would harm them, and restore us to them in Thine own good time, for Thy Name's Sake. **Amen.**

Before an Operation.

O Father, as I pass through this time of testing grant me Thy peace. Give me quietness, confidence and courage. Direct him (her) who is to operate and those who will serve him (her), and of Thy mercy grant that whatever is done to me may accord with Thy holy will. In the name of Jesus Christ, the Divine Physician, my Saviour. **Amen.**

Thanksgiving after an Operation.

O Lord God Almighty, I thank Thee for the skill and care of the surgeon and his (her) helpers. Grant me now, I pray Thee, a good recovery, and let me use to Thy glory such strength and power as shall be given unto me; Through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

On leaving Hospital.

Almighty and merciful God, to whom light and darkness are both alike, and without whom nothing befalls Thy children, strengthen us to meet all the experiences of life with a steadfast and undaunted heart; help us to go on our way bravely, trusting at all times in Thy unchanging love. This we ask in the name of Him who took upon Himself our infirmities, even Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS

O holy Jesus, who for our sakes didst become a little child, and didst show Thy love for children by taking them up into Thine arms and blessing them, we ask Thee to bless those who are ill (especially). Thy love for them is greater than ours can ever be; therefore, O Lord, we entrust them to Thy care and keeping. **Amen.**

O Lord Jesus, Whose loving care is with me day and night, make me patient and brave to stay quiet here till I am well again. May I be helpful to those who are looking after me, and to keep as cheerful as I can for their sakes. Bless all the boys and girls who are ill in hospital or in their own homes, and especially those who are in pain. Send them messengers of love and cheer, and make them better and happier soon. For Thy dear sake. **Amen.**

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child, pity my simplicity, suffer me to come to Thee. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, in Thy gracious hands I am: make me, Saviour, what Thou art; live Thyself within my heart. **Amen.**

EVENING

Be present, O merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we who are wearied by the changes and chances of this fleeting world may rest upon Thine eternal changelessness; through the everlasting Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Grant to us, O Christ, Thy peace this night, and watch over us till the morning comes. **Amen.**

BENEDICTIONS

The Lord bless us and keep us, the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us, The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace.

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory throughout all ages, world without end.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore.

SCRIPTURE PASSAGES

St. Matthew, 5, 1—14.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

St. Luke, 11, 9—13.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

St. John, 14, 1—6.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

St. John, 14, 25—27.

These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

11 Corinthians, 4, 16—18.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Ephesians, 3, 14—21.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,

That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;

And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,
Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Philippians, 2, 5—13.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

1 Peter, 4, 12—14.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.

1 Peter, 4, 19.

Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

SUGGESTED BIBLE READINGS

Old Testament

Psalm, 34, 1—15, 22. Psalm, 103.

Psalm, 121. Isaiah, 35.

Isaiah, 63, 7—14.

New Testament

Mark, 1, 29—45. Romans, 8, 31—39.

Luke, 5, 12—26. 1 Corinthians, 13.

Luke, 15, 11—32. Philippians, 4, 4—9.

John, 1, 1—18. 1 Peter, 1, 3—10.

John, 14, 25—27. 1 John, 1—9.

Revelation, 7, 8—17.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.

INDEX

HYMNS (GENERAL)

M.H.B. = Methodist Hymn Book.

B.C.H. = Baptist Church Hymnal (Revised).

C.P. = Congregational Praise.

Ch.H. = Church Hymnary (Revised Edition), Presbyterian.

A. & M. = Hymns Ancient and Modern (Standard Edition).

No.	First Line	M.H.B.	B.C.H.	C.P.	Ch.H.	A.&M.
1	All hail the power of Jesu's name ..	91	140	163	139	300
2	Christ, of all my hopes the ground ..	89	—	478	—	—
3	City of God, how broad and far	703	513	253	209	—
4	Dear Lord and Father of mankind ..	669	357	408	245	—
5	Eternal Father, Strong to save	917	684	680	626	370
6	Fight the good fight	490	471	512	517	540
7	Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God ..	604	289	22	—	705
8	For ever with the Lord	658	429	—	583	231
9	From Thee all skill and science flow ..	921	678	671	351	—
10	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	842	720	700	662	—
11	Glorious things of Thee are spoken ..	706	453	243	206	545
12	God bless our native land	880	691	566	632	—
13	God moves in a mysterious way	503	60	56	31	373
14	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ..	615	418	500	564	196
15	Hail to the Lord's anointed	245	521	326	154	219
16	Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs ..	651	432	—	580	223
17	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ..	36	33	223	1	160
18	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ..	99	146	182	419	176
19	I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	521	217	—	695	—
20	Immortal, Invisible, God only wise ..	34	38	28	12	—
21	Immortal love, forever full	102	91	186	141	—
22	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord ..	485	469	467	507	—
23	I need Thee every hour	475	216	416	700	—
24	In heavenly love abiding	528	424	412	442	—
25	I think, when I read that sweet story of old	865	745	104	82	—
26	I to the hills will lift mine eyes ..	625	64	741	777	—

No.	First Line	M.H.B.	B.C.H.	C.P.	Ch.H.	A.&M.
27	I've found a Friend, O such a Friend	423	158	377	705	—
28	Jesus calls us! O'er the tumult	157	205	451	500	403
29	Jesus, Lover of my soul	110	311	473	414	193
30	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ..	272	517	158	388	220
31	Just as I am, Thine own to be	394	766	457	497	—
32	Just as I am without one plea	353	232	385	411	255
33	Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us ..	611	417	507	563	281
34	Lord of all being thron'd afar	32	39	23	24	—
35	Lord Thy word abideth	308	197	232	199	243
36	Lord while for all mankind we pray ..	881	689	568	633	—
37	Love Divine, all loves excelling	431	317	179	479	520
38	My God, how wonderful Thou art ..	73	42	24	27	169
39	My heart is resting, O my God	473	305	—	446	—
40	O day of rest and gladness	659	552	609	268	36
41	O for a thousand tongues	1	147	180	166	522
42	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	607	55	55	562	512
43	O God, our help in ages past	878	44	52	601	165
44	O Jesus, I have promised	526	473	447	508	271
45	O Jesus, King most wonderful	107	139	173	423	178
46	O Love of God, how strong and true	52	40	69	—	—
47	O Love that wilt not let me go	448	358	774	424	699
48	O Word of God incarnate	303	192	231	198	—
49	O worship the King, all glorious above	8	3	17	9	167
50	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	12	579	18	21	298
51	Praise the Lord! Ye heavens adore Him	13	29	13	35	292
52	Praise to the Holiest in the height ..	74	72	71	32	172
53	See how great a flame aspires	263	542	—	—	—
54	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand ..	751	—	287	—	—
55	Sometimes a light surprises	527	344	398	439	—
56	Souls of men, why will ye scatter ..	318	206	369	395	634
57	Tell me the old, old story	161	214	—	682	—
58	The Church's one foundation	701	454	254	205	215
59	The Galilean fishers toil all night ..	509	105	—	—	—
60	The golden gates are lifted up	224	131	155	130	—
61	The head that once was crowned with thorns	244	138	164	131	301
62	The King of love my Shepherd is ..	76	63	61	438	197
63	The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	50	62	729	735	—
64	There's a Friend for little children ..	839	782	—	593	337

No.	First Line	M.H.B.	B.C.H.	C.P.	Ch.H.	A.&M
65	Thou, whose almighty Word	803	534	328	364	360
66	Through all the changing scenes of life	427	348	46	—	290
67	Thy kindgom come, O God	811	540	584	152	217
68	What a Friend we have in Jesus . .	538	591	371	701	—
69	When all Thy mercies, O my God . .	413	58	49	26	517
70	When I survey the wondrous Cross . .	182	112	131	106	108
71	When morning gilds the skies	113	166	193	167	303
72	Who is on the Lord's side?	820	382	528	519	683
73	Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?	634	—	—	—	—

HYMNS (SPECIAL)

Christmas

74	As with gladness men of old	132	89	95	63	79
75	Away in a manger	860	741	692	657	—
76	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	82	79	74	40	53
77	Hark, the herald angels sing	117	84	84	46	60
78	It came upon the midnight clear . .	130	82	88	47	—
79	O come, all ye faithful	118	86	85	55	59
80	O little town of Bethlehem	125	738	718	48	642
81	Still the night	123	—	714	49	—
82	The first Nowell the angel did say . .	131	97	709	45	—
83	While shepherds watched their flocks	129	81	80	42	62
84	Wise men seeking Jesus	862	—	96	—	—

Good Friday

85	In the Cross of Christ I glory	183	118	134	113	—
86	Man of Sorrows, what a Name	176	159	—	693	—
87	My Faith looks up to Thee	238	313	479	415	—
88	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	498	225	477	413	184
89	There is a green hill far away	180	752	136	105	332

Easter

90	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	204	123	145	118	131
91	Jesus lives! Thy terrors now	216	128	147	121	140
92	The day of Resurrection!	208	553	141	123	132
93	Ye humble souls that seek the Lord . .	217	—	144	—	—

No.	First Line	M.H.B.	B.C.H.	C.P.	Ch.H.	A.&M.
Whitsun						
94	Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	305	182	226	196	599
95	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	417	425	442	435	—
96	O breath of God, breathe on us now ..	285	170	—	—	—
97	O Thou, who camest from above ..	386	373	438	471	698
98	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	283	173	209	180	207
99	Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ..	289	181	210	183	—

Harvest

100	Come, ye thankful people, come	962	670	645	619	382
101	O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	969	297	670	19	365
102	We plough the fields, and scatter ..	963	667	646	618	383

Evening

103	Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	948	640	622	286	27
104	At even ere the sun was set	689	558	632	277	20
105	Glory to Thee, my God this night ..	943	620	617	—	23
106	God, the Father, be Thou near	952	628	—	—	—
107	Holy Father, in Thy mercy	916	687	679	629	595
108	Now the day is over	944	779	627	288	346
109	Sun of my soul Thou Saviour dear ..	942	622	621	292	24
110	The Day Thou gavest, Lord is ended	667	562	626	289	477

Holy Communion

111	Be known to us in breaking bread ..	766	—	302	—	—
112	Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	772	498	306	323	715
113	Jesus Thou Joy of Loving hearts ..	109	154	291	420	190

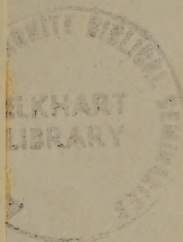
Welsh Hymns

114	Fy Mugail yw yr Arglwydd Iôr	Crimond
115	Gwaed y Groes sy'n codi fynny	Bryn Calfaria
116	Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus	Calon Lân
117	Ti fu gynt yn gwella'r cleifion	Thanet
118	Wele'n sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd	Cwm Rhondda
119	Y mae Un uwchlaw pawb eraill	Gounod

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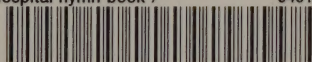
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